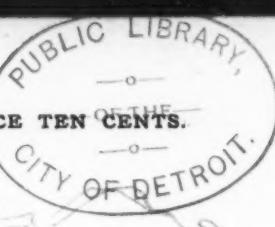


VOL. LII. No. 1339.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 29th, 1902.

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PRICE TEN CENTS.



"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



VIEWED FROM ELYSIUM.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—How my principles have changed! They're not a bit like they were when I knew them!



HIS PRACTICAL VIEW.

DEACON JOHNSON.—Does yo' believe in infant damnation, Brudder Jackson?

BROTHER JACKSON.—Deedy, no! Dey 'll pick up cuss words enough widout being swored at by deyr parents.

THE HOME OF LITERATURE.

ALAS!" murmured Milton, as he strolled with Chaucer and an assortment of other shades by the side of the sullen Styx, "the England of to-day is not my England. Did you read the Coronation Ode of—"

"Sh!" replied Chaucer, "I didst. And thou sayest sooth. The England of to-day is not our England. Methinks my dialect poems would meet but little favor from the men-at-arms of the present, odds bobs!" "Diavolo, but you are right!" exclaimed Dante. "Nor is the Italy of to-day my Italy. Fallen Italia! I could never return to the Italy of to-day!"

Some comedians have funnier lines on their faces than they have in the play.

"Thou has spoken truly, by Pallas!" chimed in Sophocles. "During my regular afternoon off last week, I paid a visit to Athens for the purpose of purchasing a mess of Greek roots. While passing through the market-place I chanced to hear an Athenian small boy singing a coon song in what is left of the classic tongue of our fathers. By the dog, but I never wish to return to Greece again!"

"Verily, gentlemen, I am of the same mind as thyselfs," spoke up Omar, "for where is the ancient Persia, *my* Persia? Given over to the roar of the modern steam engine and the clang of the electric gong. O vine-covered hills of my boyhood! Never would I care to see Persia more!"

"Pardon me, but you gentlemen seem to be rather soured on your respective countries," suavely observed Mephisto, who chanced to overhear the conversation. "Now just suppose we should happen to—er—turn you loose, so to speak, with the privilege of going back to earth for good. Where, may I ask, would you all locate?"

If Mephisto thought that he was getting off a poser, the promptness and unanimity of the reply probably convinced him of his mistake. Resonant and reverberating came the chorus:

"Out in Indiana!"

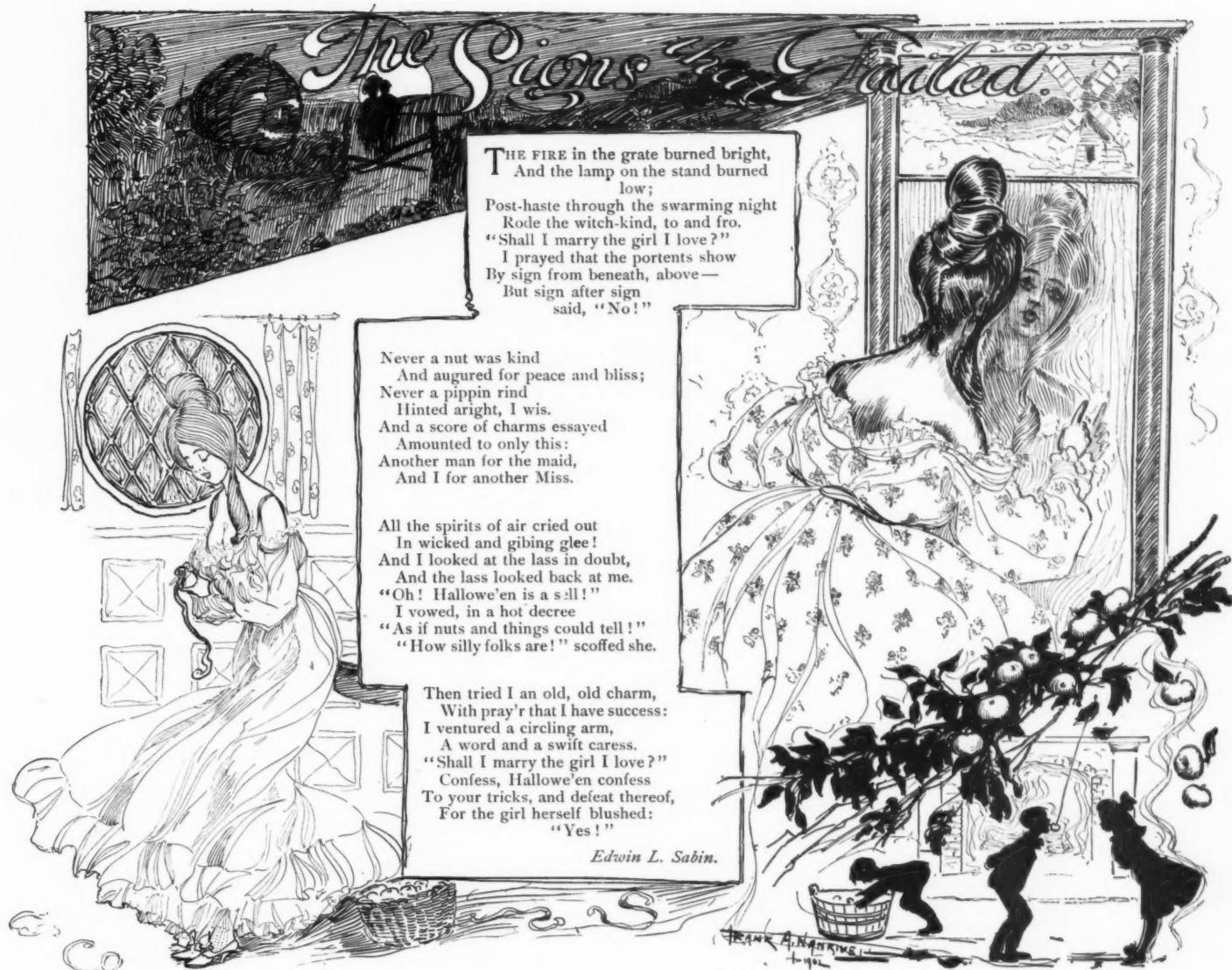
Will S. Adkins.



THOUGHTFUL HOSTS.

THE FISH.—I say! This idea of giving a tooth-pick with each worm is great!

PUCK



THE FABLE OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL PRODIGAL.



NCE UPON a Time, there was a Boy who yearned to leave the Farm. He hated the Pall of Monotony that hung over Everything, and the moss-covered Bucket that hung in the Well. He loathed the sight of the old Red Barn that leaned over toward Uncle Hez's, together with the Familiar Spectacle of the wrinkle-necked Hired Man slumbering in the Shade thereof. There were many other

Things which he found equally objectionable; and, besides, he hungered for the gay and careless Whirl of the Metropolis, where a feller can dally as much as he durn pleases without the Sewin' Circle gittin' next to him, or marry into the Firm if he is built that way.

Accordingly, he tallered up his Shoes, and put out, a-whistlin'. A little later, a ramping, ring-tailed Cyclone came skallyhooting along and scooped up the faithful old Farm, carried it three Miles, overtook the Prodigal, and dropped it on him. When the Good Samaritans who lived in those Parts came running, they found the Prodigal with his Head ensconced in the moss-covered Bucket. The Well itself was standing near by, wrong End up, entirely empty of Water, and partially crimped together something like an Accordion. The old Red Barn was on hand, too, but it was leaning in the opposite Direction, and had turned White from Fright; and the Hired Man was yawningly waking up and growling because the Shade had shifted clear around on the other Side, and Everything was against the Workin' Man, anyhow.

Moral: From this we should Learn to carefully cut all Home Ties before we start away, and also that it requires a Disturbance of considerable Size to wake up a Hired Man.

Tom P. Morgan.

AN OBJECTION.

THE SUBURBANITE.—Don't you think we ought to return some of these things we've borrowed?

HIS WIFE.—Well, I would n't like to offend the people who own them. They might consider it a hint that we want our things back.

A CLOSE CALL.

DEACON SMILEY.—So the Lord has called the pastor to another church.

DEACON VESTRY.—Yes; but it was nip-and-tuck between him and the Reverend Dr. Pushington who'd get the call.

NOTHING MORE TO SAY.

"He did n't say anything when he broke the second golf stick?"

"No. I suppose he exhausted his vocabulary when he broke the first one."

IN CONFIDENCE.

"You see, I fell from a car, and I did n't know, at first, how much I was hurt."

"No?"

"No; in fact, not until after I had seen my lawyer."



HE COMPLAINS.

THE SECOND-STORY MAN.—Well, Bill, how's business?

THE BANK BURGLAR.—Well, we're havin' a lot of competition from de fellers on de inside.

PUCK



CROWDS.

If everybody felt as I do about crowds you could be sure about one thing: that whenever you found a place with a vast concourse of people congregated in it you would n't find a human being within four miles of it.

I certainly despise a crowd. Two pints make a quart, four or five quarts make about a gallon, and gallons enough make a barrel; but this fair law of increase does not hold with people. One man makes a philosopher, but five men make a committee, ten committees make an assembly, and the whole population makes a blithering idiot. So, as the poet says, number is confounded. It deserves to be.

A large, enthusiastic crowd is a fine thing to read about, and the press, commenting on it, usually intimates that the world is making terrific advances, that about another mass-meeting will complete the work of evolution, and that the only fear now is of a hot-box; but the fact is that a large, enthusiastic crowd is a wild ass.

When one single man has some matter to consider he will, if another man interrupts him by unrelated chat and foolish noises, tell him to shut up, but when a crowd has a problem before it that has baffled the world right up to date it loves to have some gentleman accustomed to divide his intellectual exercise between gorging at the public crib and bellowing for more, get up on a dais and vociferate a few ornamental and doughty bellows at the herd over the fence.

Unhappily there is a general mania for forming crowds. Any excuse will serve. People are unprejudiced and open-minded about the occasion. They will go to see a man denounced as an enemy of the republic or

to see him presented with a gold-headed cane. They will turn out gladly to hear the gifted president of the iron works deliver a lecture on Industrial Amity or they will turn out gladly to see the strikers run him out of town. The prospect of a crowd will bring people from far and near, and if the bills make the frightful announcement that there will be Addresses by Ex. Sen. Joshua Runagen and Hon. William Henry Hotair, the crush will be terrific.

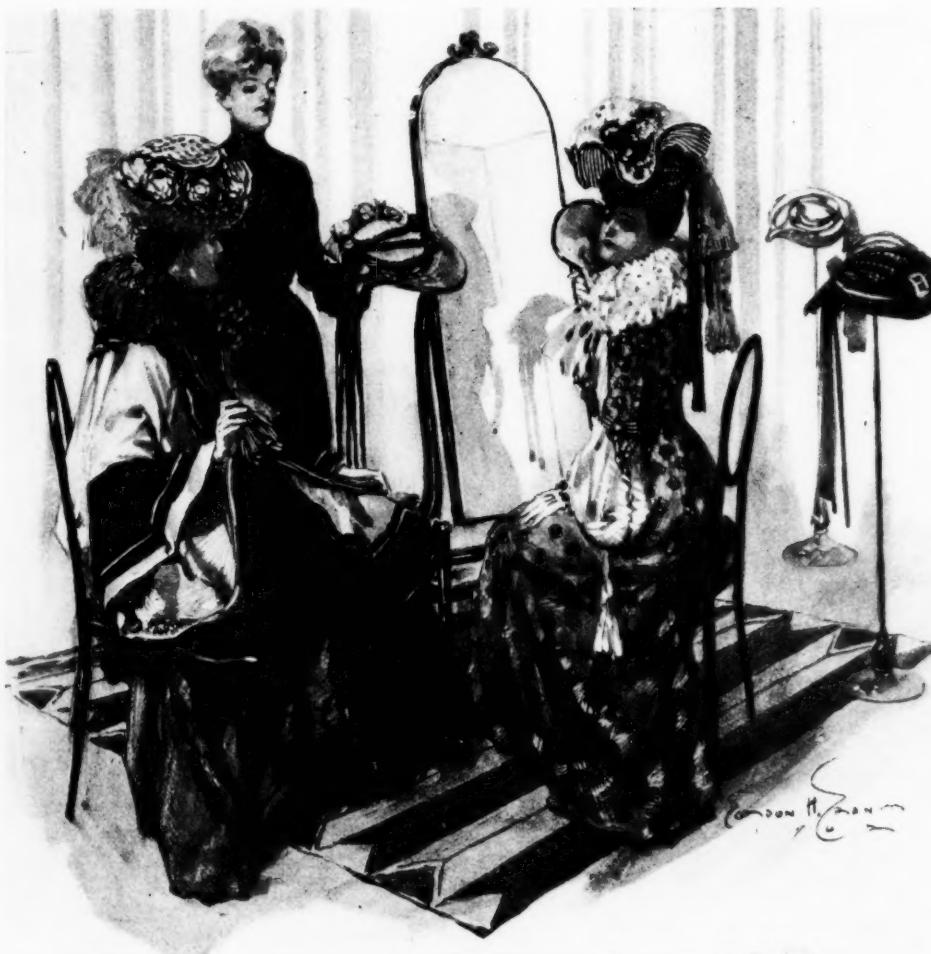
When people living quietly and in safety in their suburban homes learn the astounding news that there is to be a Celebration of the Mayor's birthday or any other considerable public calamity they become distraught, and when they go on and read that there will be (Marvel of Wonders!)



HE PLEADS.

THE PATRON.—But I shall be back in seven days. Meantime, perchance, thou wilt have another poem.

THE POET.—Alas, kind sir, seven days is a long time for a Pegasus to live without oats!



REMOVING A DOUBT.

"If I thought it looked like Mrs. Brown's hat—"

"But, my dear, it does n't! I know you'd rather look a fright than flatter Mrs. Brown by wearing a hat like hers!"

an Order of March, and that the Column (and in fact Colym) will be headed by the Governor and his Aides, followed by a Platoon of Police, Four Fire Companies and the Tin Soldier Zouaves, and that there will be Fire Works in the Evening, they throw reason to the winds, for they begin to feel themselves already in the crowd. On the fatal day the households are up at four A. M. It is to be one day without a thought. O glorious interval! In a delirium the fond mothers dress the children, regretting that there are so many of them. Wildly, thoughtlessly they fail to test the arms of the youngest for tensile strength, and yet why take children along who will pull to pieces in the crush? In hot haste the family swallows the hot coffee, and when

PUCK



HIS REGULATION DOSE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Yes, children, a thousand years in heaven are counted as but a day.

BILLY McGOVERN.—Hully Gee! Won't "Bum O'Flaherty" feel sick when he hears de jedge say, "ten days," in heaven!

all is still undone, they go forth, the doors are locked and the keys mislaid.

When these people leave their homes, if they were as wise as the people of Pompeii, they would turn their faces from the city, and flee forth into wild, waste places, but they are possessed of a demon and they go directly into the seething heart of the city where the more terrible their sufferings the keener their satisfaction. If the crowd is so large they can not see anything, that is an important

point and worthy of mention. If the pressure is forty pounds to the square inch, they tell about it for forty years.

How wasteful it is to take out a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* and go through all the legal proceedings to lodge one lunatic in an asylum, to pick on one single-handed maniac, when it would be perfectly just and proper and far more manly to corral any large and enthusiastic crowd, hit or miss as you find them, celebrating the birthday of the Republic or of Guy Fawkes, and rush them right into a mad-house without any legal proceedings whatever!

PURITY.

"Pure!" exclaimed the brewer, proudly. "Say! Do you know, we actually sterilize the land which the hops we use are raised on! Fact!"

INDEFINITE.

"The language is so ambiguous," insisted the observant foreigner.

"For instance?" I remarked, with the rising inflection of interrogation.

"When a political job is spoken of how is one to know whether it is a clerkship or a contract?"

A DISADVANTAGE.

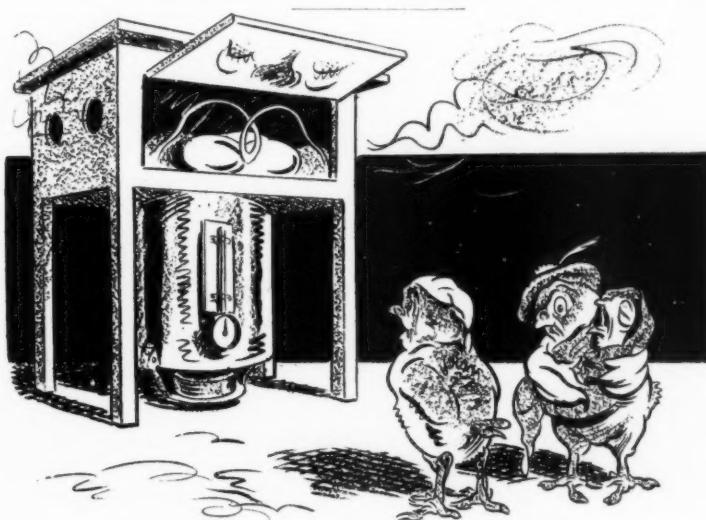
"I don't wonder that these royal personages often prefer to travel incog."

"Well, I don't know. When you travel incog, it must be pretty hard to get a free pass."



HIS BITTER REFLECTION.

THE DOG (*just purchased*).—By Jove! Yesterday I was a self-respecting dog and to-day I'm nothing but a fad!



COULD N'T MAKE IT OUT.

THE CHICK.—So that's your mother, eh? Well! I don't see what your father wanted to marry a creature like that for.

Many of us would be delighted to put the Golden Rule in practice if we could be quite sure that it would work both ways.

PUCK



AT LENOX.

"So Reggie Gotrox is tracing back his ancestry?"

"Yes;—that's about the only thing his ancestors did n't do for him."

COUNTER ATTRACTION.

COBWIGGER.—I suppose rain affects your church attendance on Sundays?

MINISTER.—Very much so. There's hardly a vacant pew when it's too wet to play golf.

AN ACCIDENTAL OMISSION.

"Say! You must have been rattled when you made that speech," said his friend.

"What makes you think so?" asked the labor agitator.

"Why, you did n't mention the 'hirelings of capital.'"

EDUCATION.

This is the story of a youth who had more sense than to believe all he read.

Now, the trillionaires of his day and generation were filling the popular prints with hot air about the unwisdom of going to college; but the youth could not hear them.

Instead, he spent his leisure time learning a drop kick that laid over about everything in that line.

Modestly causing the fact to become known, the youth received invitations from all the great centres of learning.

But money talks, and when the president of Jo Daviess County University came and shook \$500,000 in cash and gilt-edge securities under his nose the youth matriculated at that institution.

He played faithfully in every game and always with large sums out on the side lines. Consequently, when he graduated, he was able to marry and go in New York Society, or enter the United States Senate, as he chose.

THE POPULAR ROUTE.

"Perhaps," said the man, who likes to ask questions that he thinks nobody can answer, "you can tell me what road the train of thought runs on."

"I understand," replied the thoughtful man who occasionally figures things out for himself, "it is the Hot Air Line."

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS AS THOUGH WE NEEDED A WEATHER REFORM MOVEMENT; AND IT MIGHT NOT BE A MUCH BIGGER UNDERTAKING THAN THE OTHERS.



IT DEPENDS.

In the ethics that govern the national game
Ev'ry hand finds a foe in the muff;
But a muff in the hand of the national dame
In November is fitting enough.



A MATTER OF DISPOSITION.

FAILUPSKI.—By Chove! He don't know vere his negst meal is goming from undt he 's as happy as I vos der day I made my first azzignmendt!



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SIMPLICITY SIMPLIFIED. THAT well known farce, "Jeffersonian Simplicity," has again been presented to Democratic audiences. The present production bears no resemblance whatever to the author's original version, but with "Bryanite Complexity," a knockabout drama, it regularly tours the country. Election Day ordinarily marks the close of the season, but such is the vogue of "Jeffersonian Simplicity" that seasons govern it not. Where one ends, another begins, its popularity being perpetual. It is popular in politics, popular in platforms, popular after Democratic dinners and popular with populists. But, with all its vaunted popularity, would it be popular with Jefferson? Would the framer of the Louisiana purchase, the greatest stroke of Imperialism in our country's history, sanction the "simplicity" of anti-expansion? Would the pastoral "simplicity" of Bryanism appeal to him? Or of Socialism? We think not. Could Jefferson and the Democratic party again arrange to come together, there would be a genuine headquarters shake-up in Jeffersonian Simplicity. With simplicity, charming and swift, Bryanism, Populism, Anti-Expansion and Socialism would be swept bodily from the Democratic platform into the political scrapheap. What remained might not be "simple," according to the modern idea; but it would be neat and serviceable.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE. MANY a misled American, thoroughly keyed up by a certain hue of journalism, is preparing for an enthusiastic celebration on the day the trusts are permanently "curbed." All that is necessary, apparently, for a complete reign of bliss, is their utter destruction, accompanied by sundry crunches and a final thud. The finish of the trust and the start of peace, plenty and human happiness are to be simultaneous. The rich will lose their money, a just punishment for previous affluence, and the poor will cease to be with us. Altogether, a condition is to arise which the Millennium itself will be powerless to better. This doctrine will be recognized. It is the breeder of class hatred. It is the same doctrine which led to McKinley's assassination, and it is now leading countless "common people" along the paths of discontent, bitterness and anarchy. Needless to say, a more pernicious influence could scarcely be exerted, strife being its only product. When trusts are "curbed" after the yellow journal recipe, fairness, expediency and sanity will be out of date; though that day, thanks to the prevalence of gray over yellow matter, is far distant. Certain changes in our laws and tariff rates will ultimately be made because public interests require them, but the means to transport us from national despair to universal joy, via the trust smashing route, is lacking for two reasons. In the first place, trusts or no trusts, we are not in national despair. And, in the second place, the age of fairy godmothers, with magic wands, is past. In fact, after trusts have been thoroughly "curbed," there will be just as many ways of worrying

as there are now, if people choose to hunt for them. There will be just as many high prices to be paid, or they will be considered high then, and there will be just as many fake enterprises, seeking the unwary with ten cent shares. The obituary of human nature has yet to be written.

THE COMING OF COAL.

THE commission which is to probe the coal situation can not begin work too soon. An investigation and a final ruling are alike awaited with unusual interest. When it comes to real results, the average arbitration board accomplishes little, to recommend being the limit of its power, but weight will be added to the present investigation by the pledge, both of the miner and operator, to abide by the board's decision. In the meantime, we are to have coal, a most useful substance. What is more, we are likely to have plenty of it ere the investigation ends, and that, with Winter on the threshold, is a comforting assurance. The miners' and the operators' dispute, however, is still unsettled and whether the President's investigation will result in a real settlement of it or in merely an armed truce, remains to be seen. The board appointed by President Roosevelt is thoroughly competent and its findings, unless doctored by politics, should be scrupulously fair; but no matter how just it may be, it can not force adherence to pledges and upon such adherence, solely, does settlement depend. Still, if the board accomplishes no more in the arbitration line than the late Civic Federation, it will not have existed in vain, for its coming means coal—coal, for a while, any way. Thus far the President's plan has worked well.

A RUMOR.

"They say the Sultan is going to issue a volume of reminiscences."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Going to call it 'Bill Collectors I Have Known.'"

IN HARLEM.

"Yes; the flat is cold. The janitor seems to feel bad about it."

"Well, it is owing to the coal situation. It is n't his fault."

"No. I suppose that is why he feels bad about it."

IT IS possible that there is more or less reciprocity between the trusts and some of their Congressional supporters.



A CORRECTION.

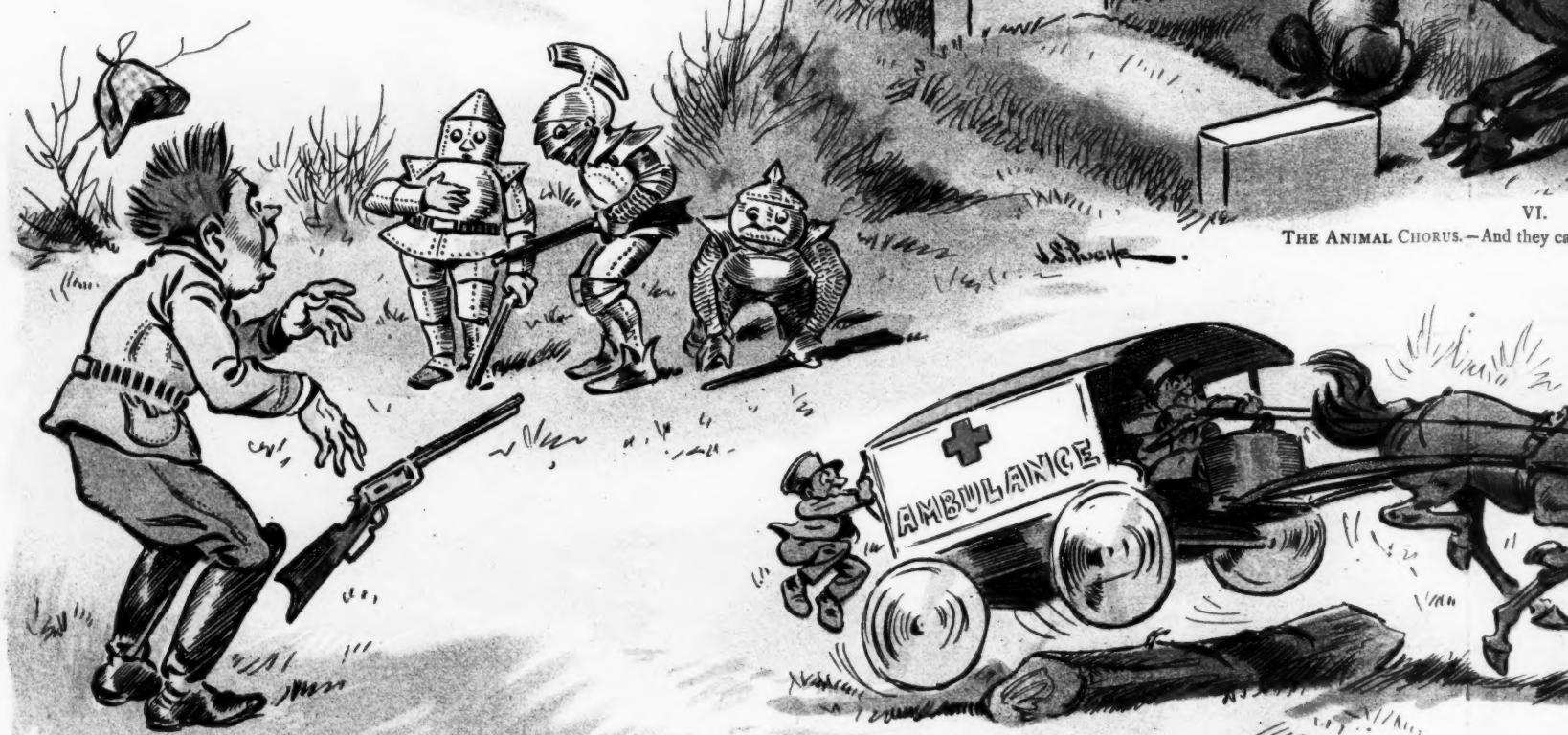
MRS. WATTS-TRUMPS.—Oh, yes! We had a delightful time. We played cards the whole evening.

MR. WATTS-TRUMPS.—Nonsense, Lucy! We only played between anecdotes.



I.

THE STATE OCULIST.—Now, then, gentlemen, line up at twenty paces and have your eyes tested!



II.

THE THREE GUIDES.—Don't be alarmed, Mister! We had to do it. We've got families dependin' on us.

V.

If present hunting methods continue, this will be the scene in the forest.



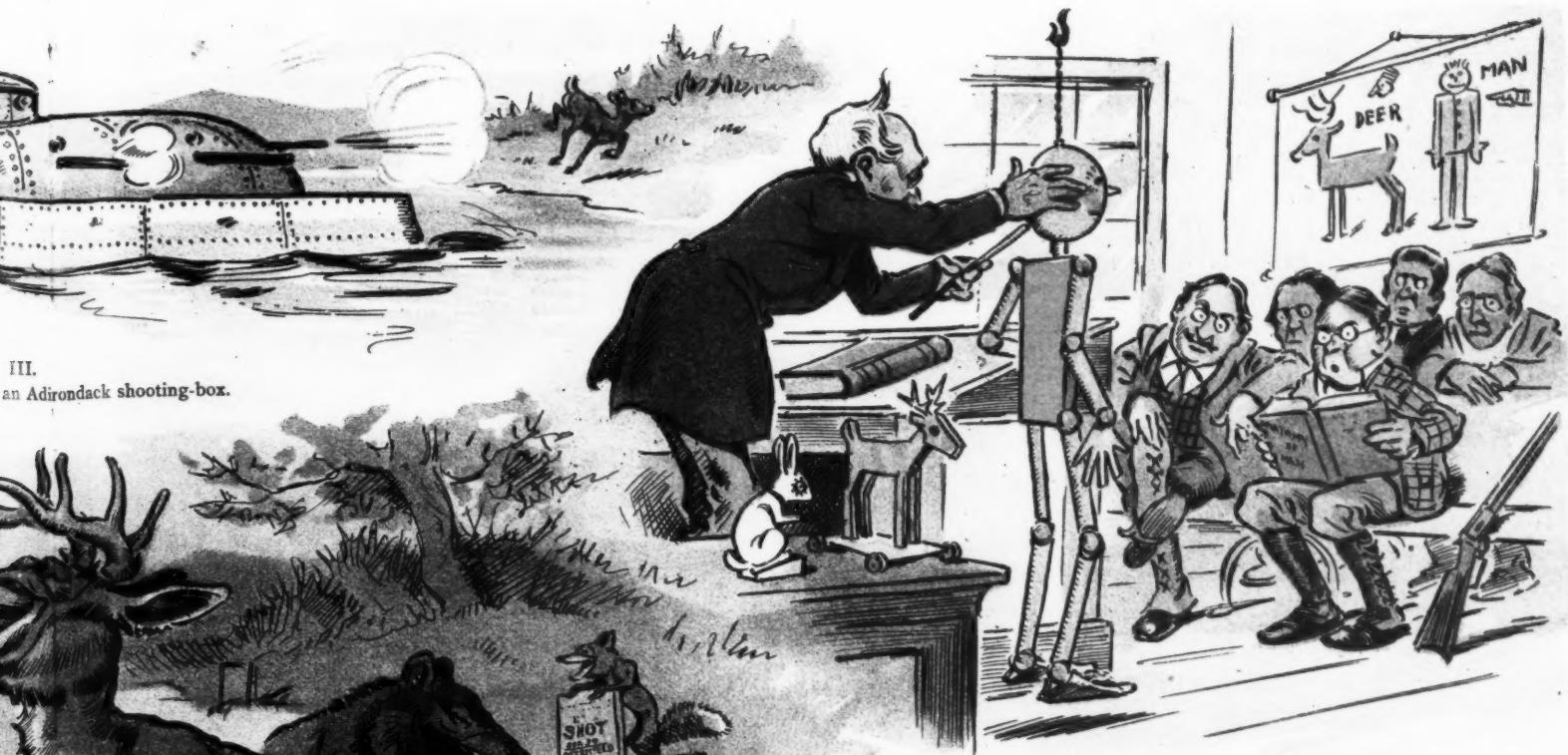
III.

A little suggestion for an Adirondack shoot.

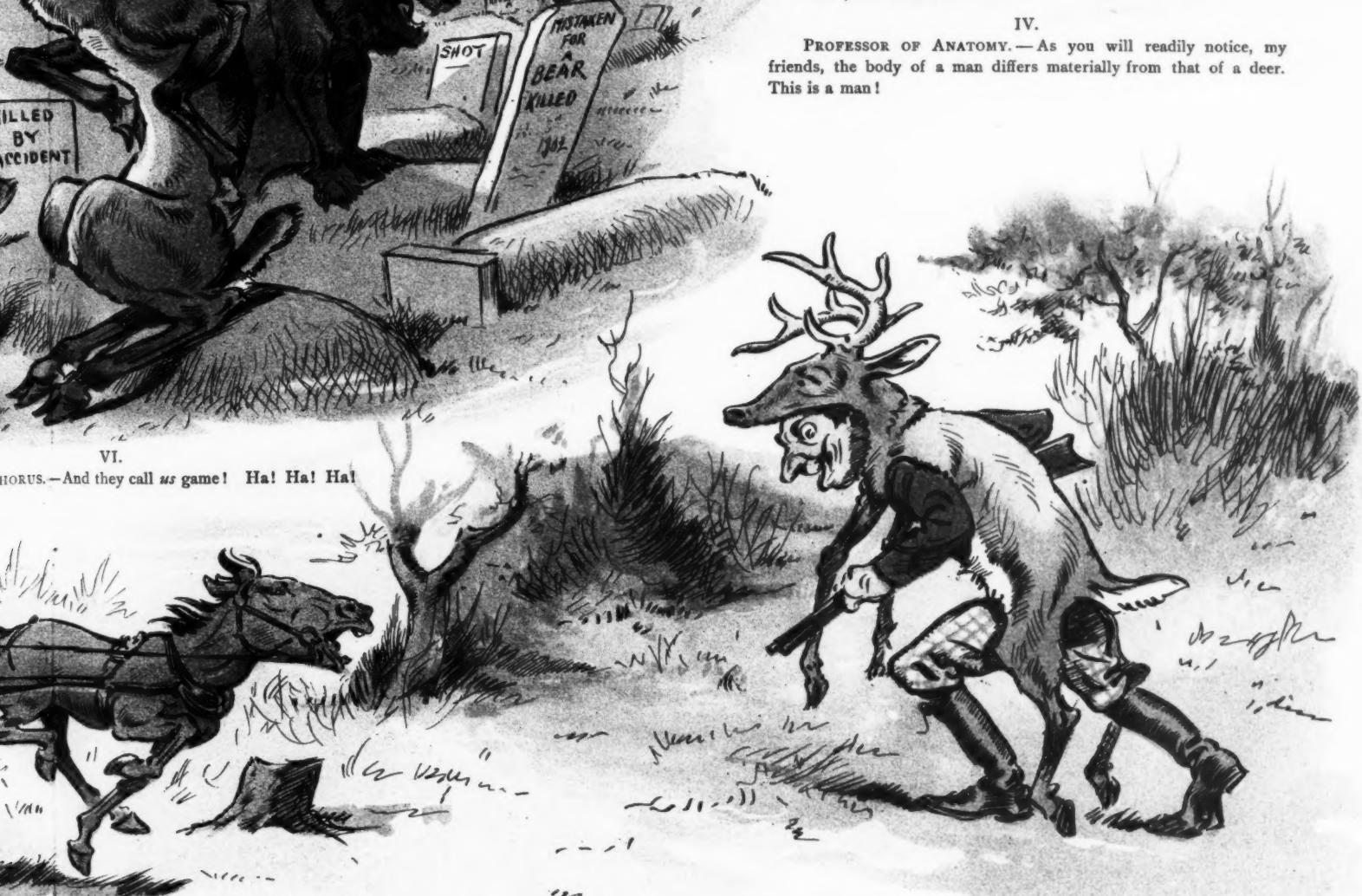
VI.

THE ANIMAL CHORUS.—And they can sing.

IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS



III.
an Adirondack shooting-box.



IV.
PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY.—As you will readily notice, my friends, the body of a man differs materially from that of a deer. This is a man!

VI.
HORUS.—And they call us game! Ha! Ha! Ha!



V.
thods continue, this will be a common

VII.
THE WISE HUNTER.—Now, then, for a good day's shooting without fear of being shot!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK



EN ROUTE WITH THE MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON CO.

MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON.—I'm sure we shall enjoy the game, Mr. Tackleton. 'T is safer, sometimes, to be a mere spectator of the passing show.

THE SOUBRETTE (*aside*).—That's right. He can remember shows at which the audience threw things!

Next town—Rockville Centre.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE HERO.



THE paper novel hero! He the reckless and sublime, He whose wild and weird adventures oft allured our hoarded dime; Of whose deeds of dauntless daring we have read with rising hair, Safely hidden in the haymow, far from father's prying stare. O that smooth detective hero! How he "sleuthed" and shot and slew, Saved and braved and raved and rescued, fifty gory pages through! Knives might flash and rifles rattle, bombs explode and axes fall, But the patent death-proof hero moved serenely through it all.

When he first had marked his quarry, and the tale had but begun, Twenty ruffians leaped upon him at the end of Chapter One; But we turned the page undaunted, calm and trustful, for we knew That he'd have 'em jailed or buried by the end of Chapter Two. Then the plot got up and hustled, and they hanged him to a tree, With blazing fire beneath him, at the end of Chapter Three; But he gnawed his bonds asunder, as we'd seen him do of yore, And the unscorched patent hero was on top in Chapter Four.

Then they hurled him from the bridge tower, at the end of Chapter Five, But he bobbed up from the bottom, having had a pleasant dive, And, disguised as a Comanche, scared the villains at their tricks, By his wild yell of "Surrender!" at the end of Chapter Six. Chapter Seven found him buried in a vault beneath the floor; Chapter Eight explained just how he bit the hinges off the door; Chapter Nine was where they stabbed him; but in Chapter Ten he came, That non-puncturable hero, once again to spoil their game.

They might choke him, they might club him, butcher him with cut and slash, Roast him in a red-hot furnace, chopped to palpitating hash; They might pound him in a mortar, grind him in a powder mill, But the patent boneless hero would be whole and smiling still. And when came the final chapter, when the truthful tale was done, And the poor discouraged villains, were in prison, every one, Did he rest him from his labors? No, indeed! He told us then, In the next book of the series he would do it all again.

Joe Lincoln.

APPEARANCES are often deceptive and disappearances are usually more so.

The airship is still in its infancy and it is quite a troublesome child to raise.

IN WASHINGTON.

CONGRESSMAN GRAUGHTER.—Extravagant, is n't he?

CONGRESSMAN DOE.—Very! He throws away his money as if it was Uncle Sam's.

A TYPE.

"Dabbler has n't had much success in politics yet, has he?"

"No; he's one of those men who are frequently prominently mentioned for offices other folks get."



A TRYING POSITION.

SMITHKINS.—I hear you're working for a "collection agency" now. Have you any trouble collecting?

JENKINS.—Oh! It's something fierce! The boss owes me three weeks' salary already, and I've threatened to put it into the hands of a "collection agency."

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THE PROBABILITY.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR.—Now, Mr. Skimmit, if an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would happen?

MR. SKIMMITT.—Why—er—probably Bishop Potter and Mark Hanna would volunteer their services in the interests of arbitration!

ONLY THE RAVEN.

SHE SELECTION of tenants of the flat was, of course, governed by the usual rules that are enforced by janitors. He had agreed to some of these rules and had submitted to others. They were embarrassing to some people seeking what, in a large city, is sometimes called a home, but, generally speaking, not to Him or Her. They lived there in comparative comfort, albeit rather snugly, and were satisfied; they had no wish to move.

Seated alone one night in the cubby called the library, He was thinking drowsily over the book He had just finished. Midnight sounded faintly from distant clocks. Suddenly a sharp tapping on the window pane aroused Him. He started up nervously. Apprehension was pictured on His face. He moved toward the window and then stopped. Apprehension had grown to fear. For a moment He thought that He would not open the window, but He knew that He must. He raised the sash slowly and reluctantly.

Then the Raven flew in and took its accustomed seat on the bust of Pallas. A sigh of relief that made the pictures hanging on the wall vibrate came from Him.

"Why, what's the matter, old man?" asked the Raven, which had enlarged its vocabulary considerably in recent years. "You're as pale as a sheet."

"Well," He replied, "I hope you won't say anything about it, but—you know the rules of the building, of course—when you tapped on the window, I was afraid it was the Stork."

Wood Levette Wilson.

USUALLY THE CASE.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is a reformer?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—A reformer, my son, is a person who is perpetually trying to make a bad matter worse.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

"A white man wanted me to exchange my war club for his golf club, and you see I've got the golf club!"

"And he got the war club?"

"Yes. I need n't say where he got it!"

OF COURSE, a business man may be a Christian; but there is little likelihood of his becoming a Captain of Industry by following this policy.

SOME EARNEST souls get excited because a platform does n't suit them; but the astute politician waits until after election, and then he does n't do a thing to it.



El Principe de Gales



NOW KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

Made in Havana and Tampa



SHE RECEIVED THE INVITATION.

"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony."

He looked thoughtful.

"It will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said; "but I think I can ring you in somehow."

And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

AN ABSENCE OF VANITY.

"I suppose you have a sincere love for the applause of your fellow-men?"

"No, sir!" answered Senator Sorghum. "I do not allow myself to overestimate the passing plaudits of the fickle throng. If they'll listen to quiet persuasion and vote my way they're welcome to go ahead and applaud anybody who is willing to give 'em free entertainment.—*Washington Star*.

SETTING HER RIGHT.

MRS. HIRAM OFFEN.—What made you leave your last place?

APPLICANT.—Sure, Ma'am, you don't know who yer talkin' to. Nothin' iver makes me lave. Oi go whin Oi pl'ase.—*Philadelphia Press*.

WE have noticed that when a woman wears a waist that is buttoned in the back there is always a button in the middle that is not fastened, showing that she could n't reach it, and also that that is the part of her back that she is unable to scratch.—*Atchison Globe*:

No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made

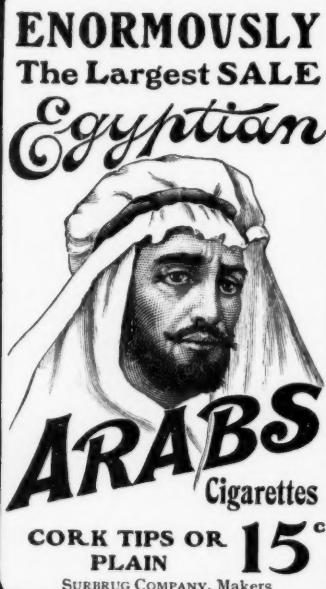
Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

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How QUEER!

How do the woodmen make things pay?

They're funny sort o' men.
They simply cut trees down that they may cut them up again.

—Philadelphia Press.

CHURCH.—What a rush there is home from the mountains!

GOTHAM.—Oh, yes! You see, the shooting season has just begun, and the people now hurrying home are the ones who have little confidence in their fellow-men.—Yonkers Statesman.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

MERE SUPERSTITION.

"He's just as superstitious as he can be, D'Auber is. You know he had two paintings for sale, and first he asked six hundred and fifty dollars a piece for 'em."

"Yes?"

"Well, you see, that would be thirteen hundred dollars for both; so when a man offered him ten dollars for both he took it, because it would have been unlucky to stick out for thirteen hundred dollars." —Philadelphia Press.



A MORE DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

MRS. BROWN.—Mrs. Jones complains that her baby is so hard to manage.

MRS. PERKINS.—Well, she should n't expect a baby to be as easy to manage as a husband.

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health—synonymous with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

SANDOW'S Great Offer

In December, 1902, will be issued the first American edition of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE of Physical Culture, and to insure an edition of at least one hundred thousand copies, I make this extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of \$1.00 (the annual subscription price), I will send the magazine monthly to any address for one year, and give as a premium

My \$10 Course FREE

This postal course in physical culture has achieved marvelous success, and on this offer I guarantee that every subscriber will receive the same careful attention as if the full fee for the regular course was paid.

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SANDOW'S (American) MAGAZINE will be even more complete than his English publication, which throughout Europe is recognized as the chief authority on physical culture and healthful living. Over 300,000 pupils are following the Sandow System today, which has many imitators but no real competitors.

This offer positively expires November 1st. But a subscriber may begin the course at his own convenience before January 1, 1903. Send remittance to

EUGEN SANDOW,

BOSTON, MASS.



THE WORM TURNED.

"Well, well," remarked Kadleigh, who had been making sarcastic remarks as Subbubs showed him through his new house; "you don't mean to say this is your dining-room?"

"Of course not, you chump!" replied Subbubs. "This is merely the spare bedroom. We've had it out in the back yard to air it, and have n't had time to take it upstairs again." —Philadelphia Press.

THE NEW ERA.

Here's to the modern farmer gay
Whose life is smooth and bright!
He works and sells his crops by
day
And counts his cash by night.

—Washington Star.

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED — 20 HOUR TRAIN TO CHICAGO.
Now York Central and Lake Shore.



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BLOWN INTO EVERY BOTTLE OF

Chartreuse —GREEN AND YELLOW—

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ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine is also a most excellent hair dressing. The sweet and refined odor which it leaves in the hair makes it a toilet luxury.

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THE CLUB
are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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soap in stick form; convenience and economy in shaving.

It is the best and cheapest shaving soap.

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BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
for After Shaving.
Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Chapped hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. Remov's all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

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Fine Watches, Diamonds
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WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING,
141 BROADWAY,
Corner of Liberty St., N. Y.
Try Our Patent Collar Button.

AUTUMN CHEER.
The Autumn rhymes which bards unfold

Are often tommy rot;
It is either, as a rule, too cold,
Or else it's far too hot.

—Washington Star.

THE LAST ONE.

"Say, Pa," began little Willy, again, "why—"

"Now, see here," his pa interrupted; "I told you I would n't answer any more questions. Let this be the last, now. What is it?"

"I jest wanted to know, Pa, why you don't answer my questions. Is it 'cause you're ignorant, or jest 'cause yer indigestion's come on?"—Philadelphia Press.

Impure Blood, Pimples, Tetter, Eczema and Acne

are permanently cured by

SULPHUME

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SULPHUME is pure sulphur in liquid form—a new chemical discovery. Sulphur heretofore was considered insoluble. Sulphume when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease.

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is the only soap in the world made with liquefied sulphur. That is why it is a Genuine Sulphur Soap. It stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet or bath. Prices: Perfumed soap, 25c. a cake; Unperfumed, 15c. a cake. Will mail trial cake upon receipt of price.

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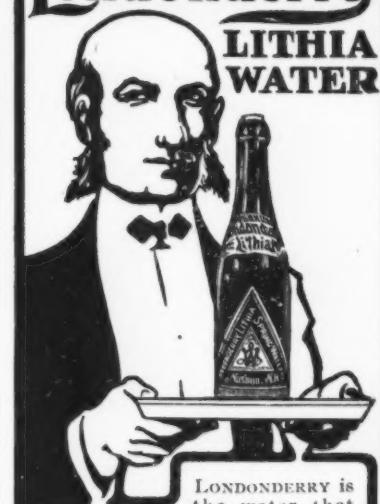
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LITHIA WATER



LONDONDERRY is the water that every expert club and hotel waiter always serves to particular people. They know that it lends zest to the appetite and blends perfectly with wines and liquors.

AN ALLIGATOR LIMERICK.

A daring young fellow in Fla.
Met a pretty sweet girl in the Ca.,
And he struck this young miss
For the loan of a kiss!
Could anything be any Ha?

—Baltimore News.



BEHIND THE TIMES.

FIRST DRUMMER.—What kind of a town is this?

SECOND DRUMMER.—Dead-slow and unprogressive! Why, they actually brag of their police force!

A trial of two generations and more has been the test that proves Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters to be the best tonic for family use.

When you are out yachting, don't forget to stow away some of that famous Champagne, Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others.

FOR EASY WRITING.

Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents, from all stationers, or wholesale of

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Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 286 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

TOMMY.—How was the table where you boarded this Summer?

BOBBY.—All right for ping-pong, but pretty poor for grub.—Yonkers Statesman.

Some Good Advice.

In one of the leading magazines a distinguished physician advises that wool should be worn next to the skin the year around in our climate; light in summer, heavy in winter. The changes necessary for comfort should be made in the outer clothing. In this way a more equable temperature is kept up on the surface of the body, which is thus protected from sudden changes of the weather.

This is good advice; and if care is taken to see that the woolens are absolutely pure and porous, as in the well known goods of Jaeger manufacture, one can be sure of comfort as well as health from acting upon it.

Dr. Deimel Underwear

After eight years of patient and persistent effort, the claims made in behalf of the Dr. Deimel Underwear are universally accepted. This

Pioneer Linen Underwear

has become recognized as the correct wear for the human body, giving at once a sense of freedom and comfort, and affording protection against the agencies which bring on colds, catarrh, rheumatism, and pneumonia.



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BROOKLYN, N. Y. 510 Fulton St.

Is it wise to endorse such methods?

ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

A rival, who formerly called his bitters "Aromatic Bitters," and only adopted the name "Angostura" after we did, recently sued one "SEEKAMP" whose whole transaction in bitters was ONE DOZEN bottles. We offered to defend "Seekamp" AT OUR EXPENSE, but he preferred to CONSENT to be enjoined. Such decisions have no value. Our rival advertises the *Seekamp* judgment as a *bona fide* injunction against Abbott's Angostura Bitters!!! What kind of a man is he who would stoop to such deceit? 18 years ago he tried to monopolize the word "Angostura" and the Maryland Court of Appeals said of him that he was perpetrating a FRAUD on the public. He does not seem to have changed.

Deceitful representations will ruin the sale of any goods. Insist upon, and be sure to get Abbott's, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS.



THE nectar of the gods may have been a myth. Be it so—we still have the whisky of our forefathers—DEWAR'S SCOTCH, a beverage of distilled delight, praised alike by king and commoner.

FREE EDUCATION

In the following fields for some money: Illustrating, Caricature, Ad-Writing, Journalism, Preferential Subscription Bookselling, Practical Drawing, and Electrical Engineering (Interior, Wireless, Light, Electric Railways and Telephone and Telegraph Engineering). Write for Free Tuition Contract. Correspondence Institute of America, Box 815, Scranton, Pa.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY
AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Milo The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY—MILDNESS—PURITY

At your club or dealer's

INDIGNANT.
"So my son threw a lump of coal at you?"

"He did," answered the indignant pedestrian.

"Well, I'll attend to his case. From his extravagance you might think we were millionaires." — Washington Star.

SURE TO LIKE IT.
JINKS.—I don't like the cold, but I can stand any amount of heat.

BINKS.—That so? You're just the fellow to enjoy sleeping in a Summer hotel bedroom.—New York Weekly.



YOUTH'S UNRESTRAINT.

"Don't you sometimes long for your childhood's happy days?" said the sentimental person.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "there are times when I would enjoy hanging on the fence and making faces at people I don't like, instead of having to say, 'How do you do, dear? So glad to see you!'" — Washington Star.

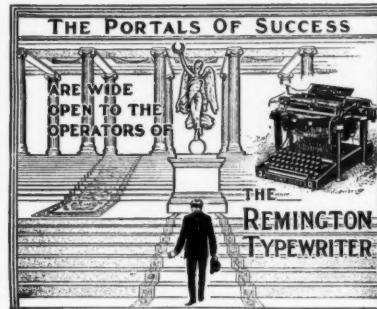
THE devil is willing that you should be called the driver so long as he holds the reins.—Ram's Horn.

Have you observed how general Ale-drinking has become?

EVANS' ALE

has started a new chapter in the history of that song-crowned beverage—Good Old Ale.

Once you try it you'll keep on buying it.



Remington Typewriters

are in widest use, therefore Remington Operators are in greatest demand

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\$1.50.
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2 Blades,
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Case,
4 Blades,
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Made
with Safety Shoulders
which prevent blade from
passing beyond safety point.
Shaves close as may be
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Sold at all good stores
or mailed by Mrs. on receipt of price.

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 1, Lebanon, Ohio.

A GREAT trouble with new fashions is that fat women are usually the wealthiest and most able to adopt them.—Atchison Globe.

I Can Sell Your Real Estate
no matter where it is. Send description, state price and
learn how. Est. '96. Highest references. Offices in 24 cities.
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40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

PHILOSOPHIC MAUNDERINGS.

The wisest judge on the bench who ever decided a fight has never yet settled the point at issue.

Man has reached the maximum spirit of charity when he can see all of his own faults and none of his neighbor's.

As Christmas rolls around we remember that we still have the box of cigars she gave us a year ago.

The college graduate who turned steeple climber for a living graduated with high honors, at least.

The saying that one good turn deserves another is the only thing that keeps the windmill going.—*Baltimore News*.

AN UNANSWERED QUERY.

Gravely inclining his head to her Spanish majesty, Christopher Columbus carefully balanced the egg on one end and then bowed low to right and left after the early day fashion of vaudeville artists who have done a popular turn.

"Pray give us the true explanation of this eggstraordinary feat," said the queen, who was something of a humorist, herself.

"The explanation is simple, Your Majesty," said the future discoverer of the New World. "But in giving it I will be obliged to go into details."

Thereupon he produced a penknife and cracking the shell of the egg permitted the contents to escape into a dish.

Immediately there was some confusion in the court, and in a moment or two Columbus found himself quite alone.

"Any old egg is good enough for this trick," he smilingly observed, as he brought out the can of disinfectant.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



THE LATEST.

FIRST BIRD.—You look very doleful this morning. What's the trouble?

SECOND BIRD.—The paper says the Rooster and Duck have formed a Worm Trust.

"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in its Name,
Appropriate in its Route,
Appropriate in its Character.
"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED."

This is *The century of all the ages.*

The New York Central's 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is *The train of the century*, and is appropriately named

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A copy of the "Four-Track News," containing a picture of "The 20th Century Limited," and a deal of useful information regarding places to visit, modes of travel, etc., will be sent free, post paid, on receipt of five cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central, Grand Central Station, New York.



THROUGH AND THROUGH A LIFE-SAVER



Lifebuoy is not a transparent soap but a sanitary, anti-septic, disinfectant soap which purifies while it cleanses.

Lifebuoy Soap has life-saving qualities, and can be used like any other soap throughout the household, thereby ensuring a clean and healthy home.

At dealers, five cents; or by mail, two cakes for ten cents
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, NEW YORK OFFICES

THEIR CREED.

The waiter who's yours to command
In the restaurant places
Will tell you a tip in the hand
Is worth two on the races.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

WHEN a man's unconscious he does n't know anything, does he, Pop?"

"No, my son."

"Well, Pop, are you unconscious? I heard Ma say you did n't know anything."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Arnold
Constable & Co.

Fall and Winter Underwear

Men's, Women's and Children's
Best English and French Manufactures.

Hosiery.

Women's Cotton, Wool and Silk Hose,
Plain Colors, Embroidered Fronts.
Women's Shetland Wool Hand-Knit Spencers
Men's Cotton and Cashmere Socks,
Fancy Stripes, Plain Colors, and Embroidered Fronts.

Golf Hose.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

A BARBER'S WOEFUL WORK.

BILKINS.—See here! That hair-cut you just gave me has made me look like an ape, or a baboon, or some other frightful creature.

BARBER.—Really, sir, you make von gread meestake.

BILKINS.—No, I don't! I had n't been out of your shop five minutes before three different fellows offered to introduce me to their best girls.—*New York Weekly*.

A RUMOR DENIED.

A report has been circulated and widely copied by the American newspapers to the effect that the Monks of La Grande Chartreuse have sold to some company the right to manufacture the celebrated green and yellow cordial bearing their name. We are informed by the American Agents, Bätscher & Co., 45 Broadway, New York City, that as a matter of fact the Carthusian Monks have made CHARTREUSE for the past 300 years, they are making it now, and will, in all probability, be engaged in its manufacture 300 years hence.

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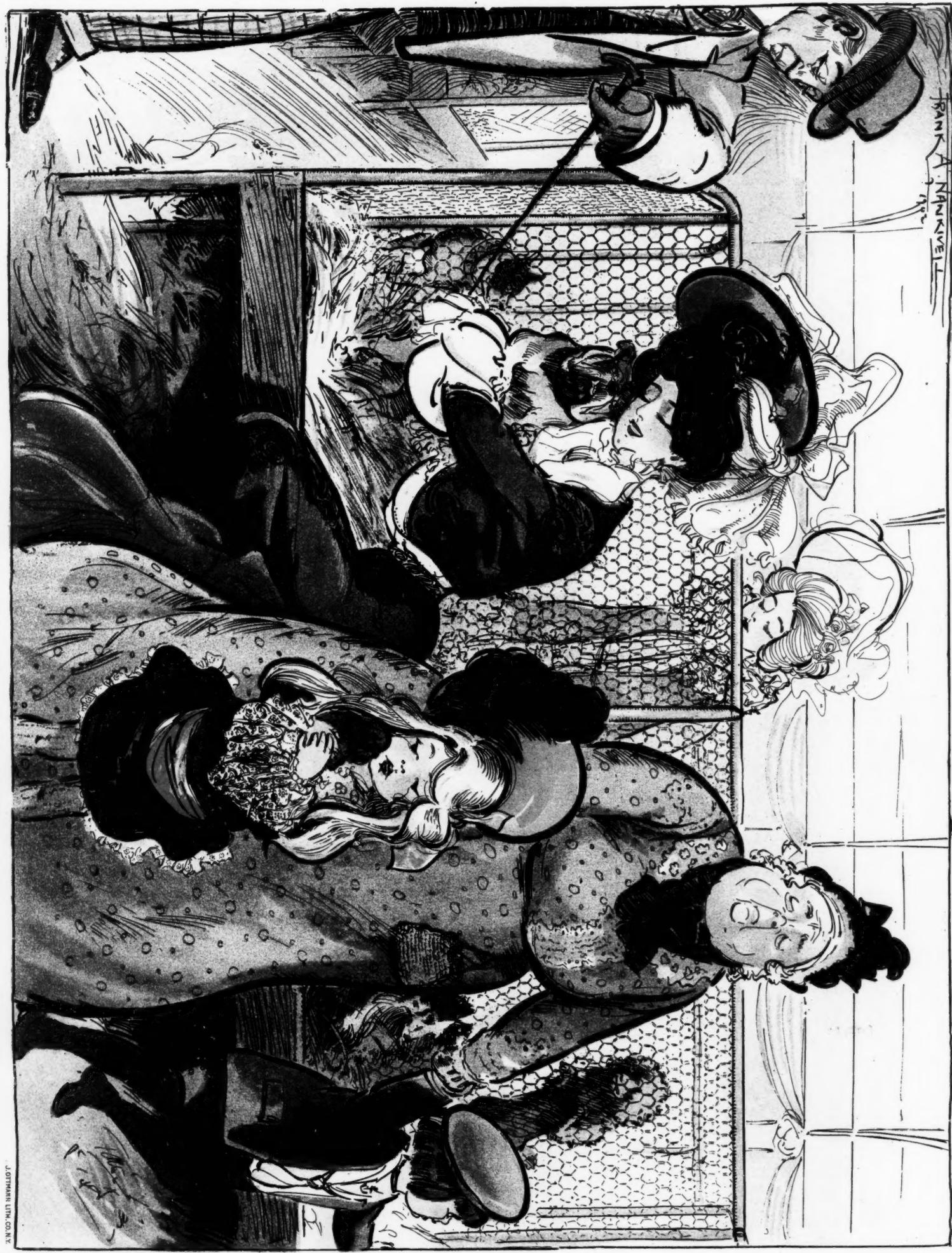
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A LESSON FROM THE DOG SHOW.

The life of a dog! How our sympathies flow at the mention of such an existence!

The life of a dog! What a difference is made by the standpoint we choose as the rightful!

The life of a dog makes a mortal afraid; to an up-to-date dog it's delightful.